



French "Blue Devils" show various positions in the bayonet charge, of which they are past masters.

feel—a savage desire to step on a German face and grind it into the earth just because it is the face of a passionately hated monster? Not a bit of it. Corporal M. H. Plant spoke for the gang:

"Hell, no!" said Plant, "we don't hate them—that isn't the feeling at all. I think it is just plain disgust, contempt. You know how you feel when you see a bedbug? Well, you know you don't hate a bedbug, exactly. The thing simply makes you crawl with loathing. You know that you've got to abolish it—wipe it off the earth."

"When the most of us went over we didn't understand much about these Heinies. We just had general notions about them—nothing specially definite. Over there we got the goods on 'em. We saw that they are just bedbugs. We found out that they can't play fair. Maybe it isn't because they don't want to. It must be because they don't know how. They lack any instinct of sportsmanship. Therefore we get to have utter contempt for them. What's more, they're getting to know it, and it will hurt them more than if we fought in hatred. It snaps a man's nerve to realize that you hold him in contempt."

"How do you feel about killing a Hun—any special emotion?" Plant was asked.

"How would you feel about killing a bedbug?" said the young soldier seriously. "That's all there is to it. We feel that we have got to kill as many as possible and to kill and kill and kill until there aren't any German bedbugs left in front of us."

Maybe this isn't the nicest possible way of putting it, but it's the best way I know."

Pretty much the same thing was said the other day by that fine soldier Sergeant Lang, who returned with the Secretary of War. Somebody asked Lang whether the American troops went into action spurred by hatred of the enemy.

"Lord, no!" said Lang. "They're the lice of a clean world and we just try to stamp 'em out, burn 'em out—anything to end 'em!"

No doubt they are smart enough in disciplined military ways when they are over there under the cool and appraising eye of the company and battalion commanders, these boys. But some of their casual and careless evolutions in group upon the public highways would give an English drill sergeant the quinsy and drive a German noncom. to the madhouse. Consider them, as I observed them the other day, swinging up Fifth avenue in squad formation. Some of them carried their rifles at right shoulder, some loosely in the left hand, muzzles pointing downward. Some wore their service Stetsons tilted rakishly to one side of their close cropped polls, others sported the tin hat of the trenches.

They marched pretty much anyhow, without bothering in the least about keeping in step. If they saw a pretty girl on the curb they saluted her gorgeously with charming phrases picked up from the most charming people in the world. If somebody fired a question from the curb they answered it like a shot, with delight-

ful impudence. They presented the front of vast respect to the aged and infirm, but their general and habitual attitude is don't give a damn for any damned man.

But when they saluted the flag—what a flashing forth of spirit there was then! You and I have seen soldiers salute the colors times without number, but unless you have seen these boys of Pershing's stand to attention and snap their right hands to their foreheads you don't know what saluting is. That flag to them is their father and their mother, their present, future and hereafter. The flag means so much more to them, no doubt, than it does even to you and to me. They have saluted it in farewell when they went out to fight, knowing in their hearts that they might well never see again the sunshine flash upon it, and they have saluted it with tears behind their eyes when they returned from hell. This, one sees, makes a difference. Forty of these lads, more or less, wear the golden chevrons which indicate that they were wounded in action. Six, as everybody knows, have been decorated with the Croix de Guerre, having passed subsequently through the terrific experience of being kissed on both cheeks by a French General.

"How did you feel about that—the kissing business?" I asked Private Barney Pogue.

"Blushed down to my socks," said Barney, "but I knew that they meant well."

Already correspondents with the American troops are comparing these young Yankees of a type with the famous Chas-

seurs a Pied, those reckless, dashing, laughing, incomparable Frenchmen who have earned the striking title of "The Blue Devils of France." There is a good deal of the Frenchman in an American anyway, or something of the Frenchman in the American. It is all a matter of spirit, of a certain voluble impetuosity which can be harnessed at need, but which doesn't like the feel of the traces any too well. Observe the Blue Devils that are here along with Pershing's boys and you will note points of similarity in their bearing, in their rollicking laughter, in their untamed eyes, in their slim, clean physique (though the Americans bulk larger), in their dash and go way of walking and talking. They have pep, those fellows in Yankee khaki and French blue, pep and pounds of ginger.

What's more, they are great pals. They take naturally to each other, as you see here in the streets and at restaurants where they meet up. There's some instinctive attraction, instinctive recognition of the other fellow's good points and similarities, that makes for camaraderie between Brown Devil and Blue, and it's astonishing how little language is needed to margin their companionship. Sign talk, laughter and a few mixed phrases do the business.

The fifty lads now here and in other cities are interesting enough in themselves, as I have said, but after all, the important thing is what they have demonstrated. The old U. S. A. still has the punch. That is the big thing.

Bohemians Eager to Aid Allies Whip the Kaiser

By K. BERCOVICI.

THE Bohemians, or Czechs, as they are more often called, are legally Austrian citizens, and therefore enemy aliens as regards the United States. But as illustrating how they hate Austria, which has done all it could to denationalize and destroy them, the following facts speak louder than words:

When the war broke out in Europe there were 460 able bodied Bohemians living in England. Of them 420 enlisted in the English army at the first call of Kitchener.

Whole regiments of Bohemian soldiers in the Austrian army deserted and went over to the Russians at the first opportunity and thereafter fought against the common enemy, the combined Teuton armies. There are 90,000 of them now in Russia and they are not Bolsheviks. They are an organized army still ready to fight the enemy.

Some 52,000 Bohemian soldiers of the Austrian army deserted and went over to Serbia when the clash came and they fought so stubbornly that only 4,000 of them are alive to-day.

Thirty-six thousand went over to Italy and are now fighting side by side with the Italians against the Austrians.

Sixty thousand Bohemians were executed by the Austrian Government for military insubordination, fomenting revolutions, attempts to overthrow the Haps-

burgs and denouncing the Teutons openly from public platforms in Prague and other cities. Bohemian women and children as well as men were murdered in cold blood by Austria.

When the United States declared war against Austria the Czechs living in this country considered it their greatest day.

None of the countries forming the Austro-Hungarian monarchy were ever assimilated by their conquerors. They all hate their oppressors, they all hate Teutonism, and if the Romanoffs had not been under the German thumb the Slavs suffering the Austrian yoke would long ago have been liberated.

Seven hundred thousand Bohemians are now living in this country. A great number of them are farmers in Texas, Minnesota, Nebraska, both Dakotas and Ohio. Next to the Belgians, the Bohemians are considered the best farmers of Europe, producing more to the acre than the farmers of other nationalities. It has been pointed out that the struggle for life drove them to achieve such perfection; the Austrian Government exacted such high taxes that it was a question of either perfection of producing methods or starvation.

Our declaration of war made the Bohemians in this country enemy aliens, but President Wilson's proclamation that America is to fight for the liberation of small nations rejoiced the hearts of all Bohemians, and thousands upon thousands enlisted without waiting for the draft. Still there were a good many ob-

stacles in the way, as a great number of Bohemians were not yet citizens when the draft came.

But after the Bohemian National Alliance had explained the situation to Washington permission was given to the Bohemians to raise a volunteer army to go to France, as they have done before in France, Italy and Russia. In a few weeks 10,000 men of all ages passed the physical examinations. Farmers, workmen, intellectuals, from 18 to 50 years old, invaded the offices of the Bohemian Alliance in a rush to help crush the cruel Teuton monster.

There are 40,000 Bohemians living in New York, and there is not one family that has not suffered on account of the war. But in spite of this they are ready for even greater sacrifices to prove their anti-Teuton spirit.

The families of those that go and those that will go must be provided for. Through their two daily papers in New York and through others in Chicago and Cleveland, through their weeklies and magazines, the call was sounded and the answer was more than was expected. The families of those who went will be provided for, and even the crippled who will come back will, by a special arrangement with the United States Government, be taken care of. Every Bohemian is contributing a weekly sum toward a special fund for this purpose, and the fund is swelling.

Army officers from France, invalided

Bohemians, have arrived here to give the volunteers preliminary training. The Bohemian National Alliance has rented a farm near Stamford, Conn., where the volunteers will be trained.

The Bohemians and the Slovaks, in short all the Slavic nations living under Austrian and German rule, have been preparing for their liberation for a long time. As political meetings were not allowed to them they formed gymnastical societies, or sokols, as they call them, and under such guise they organized all over Europe and America.

In every city where Bohemians live they have such gymnastical organizations; in New York they have several buildings on Seventy-first and Seventy-third streets, near the East River, devoted to such purpose. And it is there that the volunteers are getting their initial training, and it is in the sokols that the Bohemian National Alliance is holding its propaganda meetings.

In the early days of our entrance into the war they invited the United States Government to recruit there. In one day more than 200 volunteers enlisted in the United States Army and are now somewhere in France.

It is the hope of the Bohemians that they will gain their independence after this war and establish themselves as a republic, federating all the Slav nations now under Austrian rule. And it is with this in mind that the Bohemians living in America have rushed to the colors.